Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, July 25, 1918 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE BEST ROAD OF ALL.

I like the road that leads away to prospects white and fair,
A road that is an ordered road, like a nun's evening prayer;
But best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

You come upon it suddenly—you cannot seek it out;
It's like a secret still unheard and never noised about;
But when you see it, gone at once is every lurking doubt.

It winds beside some rushing stream where aspens lightly quiver;
It follows many a broken field by many a shining river;
It seems to lead you on and on forever and forever!

You tramp along its dusty way, beneath its shadowy trees,
And hear beside you chattering birds or happy booming bees,
And all around you golden sounds, the green leaves' litanies.

And here's a hedge, and there's a cot; and then—strange, sudden turns;
A dip, a rise, a little glimpse where the red sunset burns;
A bit of sky at eveningtime, a scent of hidden ferns.

A winding road, a loitering road, a finger mark of God
Traced when the Maker of the world leaned over ways untrod.
See! Here He smiled His glowing smile, and lo, the golden-rod!

I like a road that wanders straight; the King's highway is fair,
And lovely are the sheltered lanes that take you here and there;
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

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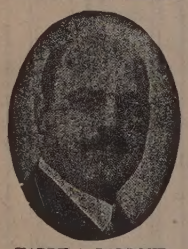

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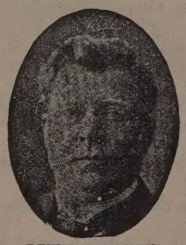

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1918 NUMBER 21

WHAT IS POETRY?

Condensation, inimitable;
Pictures, irresistible;
Insight, unquestionable;
Universality, most lovable;
Rhythm, indispensable;
All with fire illumined,—
That is Poetry!

J. LL. J.

The late John Purroy Mitchell was commonly described as "the best mayor that New York ever had." This was a just verdict. His administration certainly reached and maintained a standard of honesty and efficiency, and exemplified an enthusiasm, vision and power for high things, such as can be matched by no other political leader that New York has ever had, and by few, I imagine, in any great city in the country. It does one good to think of Mayor Mitchell's clean-cut features, his tall, spare, lithe figure, even his blazing anger—all symbolical as they were of noble purpose, undaunted courage and passionate zeal for deeds. The pity, alas, that these qualities were combined with so autocratic a temper and so fundamental a misunderstanding of democracy! There are many reasons for his overwhelming defeat last fall—most of them greatly to his credit. But at bottom was the conviction on the part of the people that Mayor Mitchell was a dictator to, and not a leader and interpretor of, the popular will. His government was excellent, but it was paternalism and not freedom. The election of Mayor Hylan was in itself a calamity, but there never was a better piece of evidence of the essential soundness of the democratic instincts of the American people.

J. H. H.

In spite of the distractions of war the *Unitarian Word and Work* for June reports the recent addition of over $54,000 to the pension fund of Unitarian ministers. The committee is now in search of $250,000 additional. Old age pensions are provisional contributions to meet a social obligation which an enlightened and humane government will eventually provide. The helplessness of childhood and the helplessness of old age are legitimate claims upon the public purse. Meanwhile there is no class of public servants who face old age with more grim prospects than that of the protestant ministers, or who as a class have given of their lives more generously or served their day and generation according to their light and convictions with more self-denying zeal. In these days of increased cost of living the pastor is the last one to be thought of and if retrenchments are to be made the pastor's salary is the most available point upon which to practice the inevitable economy. The ministers' pension fund under denominational administration is a benignant thing to be encouraged in every way, but a more just recognition of the minister's claim upon the society he serves, and a more just provision of his old age is a more commendable act of justice when the debts to the minister are paid in such a way that he will be relieved from the humiliation of charity.

The National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People, of which Moorfield Storey is president, has sent out an authoritative bulletin that says that "248 negroes have been lynched and killed by lawless mobs since the United States entered the war; that in Tennessee alone within twelve months, three black men have been burned at the stake and the bodies of two others burned after lynching; that Louisiana has lynched eleven negroes since America entered the war, three of them for 'hog stealing.'" Georgia lynched eight negroes, one of them a woman, in one week in May. During this time our country has been busy in summoning her sons, black and white, to make the "world safe for democracy!" To balance this horrible record it is announced that 157,000 young colored men are in the ranks of the nation and that thirty-six per cent of all negroes drafted have qualified against twenty-five per cent of the white draftees. In the District of Columbia even, which is under the direct control of the national Congress, the public school funds appropriated for the payment of teachers' salaries amount to $2.89 per colored child of school age against an average of $10.32 per white child. Is there not here something very tangible to be done in order to "make the world safe for democracy"? Is there not here a black and damnable mass of "Prussianism" at home? Are there not "Huns" within our own household? He whose approbation the patriots claim and whose mastership they fain confess had some stinging words to say about "the beam" in the eye of him who would fain cast out "the mote" in a neighbor's eye. Physician heal thyself! Democracy is a thing to practice not to preach and pray about.

In the June number of *Unitarian Word and Work* we read that the Unitarian Temperance Society, now in its thirty-second year, deems its chief obligation at the present time to be to "promote temperance education in public schools and in our own church schools." This is a fundamental obligation but something strange and startling is about to transpire in the history of the temperance movement in the United States. When the temperance drama of the United States is completed, now that the fifth act is drawing to a close, it will be found that intemperance in the United States, as throughout the world, was more of a social than an individual vice. It was a corporate even before it was an individual curse. The tempter required the sanction of law, the endorsement of the state before his machinations could become so elaborated, the temptations so alluring as to render a painfully large percentage of souls helpless in their contention with the fell enemy. When the state withdraws its support, and the weak individual is protected from alcoholic poison, as he is now from the dangers of fusil oil, arsenic and morphine, the community will become temperate and the individual struggles of the soul toward perfection can be directed toward other obstacles to be overcome. When the Federal Amendment is passed, as it is most certain of doing, then the problem will become easier and drunkenness to an ever increasing extent will be overcome by the coöperative will of the nation, and the saloon, like the slave mart, the gambling hall and the brothel will remain only in defiance of the organized will of the whole community. As these are abolished by legislation, so international war which now remains by virtue of a fell, ragged, bastard, known as international law, will be abolished by another code born out of deliberate legislation, the child of rational conference, which will make international wars forever expressions of mob violence and the perpetrators will be always outlaws. There will remain only such a police force as will be necessary to protect life and property and to enforce the expressed will of organized humanity.

Thoughtful readers of magazines will probably unite in saying that the series of "Recollections" by Mrs. Humphry Ward, now appearing in *Harper's Magazine* is one of the most interesting as well as instructive and suggestive features in current monthlies and the column devoted in the July "Reminiscences" to the rise and growth of her "Robert Elsmere" will be found particularly suggestive to readers of UNITY. The book was begun in 1885. It took the author nearly three years to complete it. "Again and again," she says, "I found myself dreaming that the end was near and publication only a month or two away, only to sink back on the dismal conviction that the second, or the first, or the third volume, or some portion of each, must be rewritten, if I was to satisfy myself at all." The last word in the last chapter was actually written in 1887 but she said it was nearly a year after that before it came out, "a year of incessant hard work, of rewriting, and much nervous exhaustion." This reminds us of George Eliot's confession concerning "Daniel Deronda." "I began it a young woman, I ended it an old woman." Back of all the unrecorded toil of conscientious authorship is the difficulty of the subject matter in both cases. Says Mrs. Ward:

> The root difficulty was, of course, the dealing with such a subject in a novel at all. Yet I was determined to deal with it so, in order to reach the public. There were great precedents—Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, Newman's *Loss and Gain*, Kingsley's *Alton Locke*—for the novel of religious or social propaganda. And it seemed to me that the novel was capable of holding and shaping real experience of any kind, as it affects the lives of men and women. It is the most elastic, the most adaptable of forms. No one has a right to set limits to its range.

Her encounter with Gladstone concerning this book in the light of subsequent history is revealing. Those who have read "Robert Elsmere" will certainly want to read all that is said about the book in these "Recollections" and those who have not read it, after having read these confessions of the author, will want to read it and they can well afford to overlook and neglect many pages of "short stories," monotonous in their excitements and dreary in their *"timeliness,"* in order to live again the deep life of the spirit under the guidance of one whose genius probably struck twelve in "Robert Elsmere." Subsequently her efforts ran into sociological and social problems on which she wrote always with power. But by descent and association she was phenominally qualified to interpret the religious experiences of the soul in times of transition. What is the next great religious novel to be listed with "Daniel Deronda" and "Robert Elsmere"? and who is the next successor to George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward? The times are ripe for some more profound interpretations of the deeper experiences of the soul. Such cannot be disposed of in the "short story" or even within the stage limits of a drama, although the highest interpretations of soul problems seem for the time being to have passed from the essayist to the poet, from the novelist to the dramatist.

Washington Gladden—1836-1918

The most enviable Academic Honor in the annals of American universities to our mind is that of the LL.D. that in 1895 was granted to Washington Gladden by the University of Notre Dame, a Catholic institution. It was a degree honorably earned. A radical Protestant, a son of a New England Protestant preacher, had achieved a culture so fair, had interpreted religion so broadly that a Catholic institution of learning with its obligation to the Pope of Rome, over-stepped the boundaries of the conventional and

clothed him with academic honors. We know of no similar case and we know not which most moves our admiration; the man, the Protestant minister, whose judgments were so fair and sympathies sufficiently broad to command this tribute, or, the independence, courage and academic frankness that enabled the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, to pay this merited tribute. Surely while the degree of Dr. Gladden is exceptional in the annals of American colleges it will not always remain so for in the republic of letters there are no creed lines. The democracy of science knows no sectarian limitations and the universality of religion is the profession of all confessions. But before this recognition is repeated there must be more candidates of the Washington Gladden type, more Protestant ministers who are large enough to see the beauty and power of the great historic church and sufficiently spiritual to feel the charm of the Saints of history, as well as alive to the blunders and credulities of the centuries that gave us birth.

Dr. Gladden received other academic honors from the University of Wisconsin, Roanoke College and perhaps others. But such honors are common, they do not signify much. Mr. Gladden was a man whose pulpit utterances would stand printing, as the long list of his publications shows, for we suspect that like James Freeman Clarke, a brother in the spirit, all his published utterances first did duty in the pulpit and probably the distance between the pulpit and the press was a short one in his case as in the case of Mr. Clarke.

What a long, fertile, beautiful life was that just closed. His contribution to the religious life of the United States was most significant. Horace Bushnell, Phillips Brooks, Heber Newton and Washington Gladden make a class by themselves of liberal preachers in orthodox pulpits who by virtue of their spiritual power managed to powerfully influence the theology of their contemporaries. They modified orthodoxy from the inside. They were able to appropriate the latest thought, to understand and promulgate the results of modern criticism and still stay in the line of their inheritance. Their radicalism was so profound that it held them within the old fellowship. We cannot think at this time of a fifth American minister to name in this connection. These men were too big to be "thrown out," they were too dear to be rejected, too large for orthodoxy or heterodoxy to engage in unseemly controversy concerning them. They declared themselves that they left the result to time and the slow but sure process of love and reason.

Mr. Gladden's "Recollections," published in 1909, was a notable book and received at that time extended notice in the columns of UNITY. It showed that the great preacher was also a great citizen; he was a noble commoner. The city of Columbus, Ohio, where he served as pastor for thirty-six years, needed him in its council chambers and Alderman Gladden became a leader in municipal reforms and a terror to "bosses."

Eighty-two beautiful, fertile, heroic years! He died holding aloft the banners of progress. His last achievements were contributions to the literature of peace. He was a pacifist to the end. He was one by divine necessity because he steered his course by the unhasting and unresting stars, undisturbed by the fog and tempestuous winds of the present hour, the passing day or the brief age. During the last year of his life he was wont to contribute an "original hymn" for the Sunday services of his old church, a fine climax to a fine ministry. Beautiful is the faith that sings itself. Madame de Stahl said that "Music unpolluted by words was incapable of ministering to the gross passions of men." Washington Gladden was a hymn writer in the realm of the universal. He could not compose hymns of hate and his songs would not fit into the ritual of a narrow "patriotism." A monosyllabic language was inadequate to express his devotions.

We must not try to lift the curtain that conceals the personal intimacies, the words of cheer that came from the "Sage of Columbus" to the UNITY office through these long and beautiful years when clouds hung low and friends hesitated. The friendly lift in times of weakness and weariness, the clear vision that enabled him to speak with added strength the gospel of internationalism have a large place in the inner history of UNITY. Mr. Gladden contributed to the vocabulary of religion. "Tainted money" was of itself a new gospel exposing "tainted patriotism," "tainted piety," and "tainted Christianity."

The story and the text of his greatest hymn, *"Ultima Veritas,"* has appeared too often in UNITY for repetition but as a parting benediction we will quote one stanza:

> And fierce though the fiends may fight,
> And long though the angels hide,
> I know that Truth and Right
> Have the universe on their side.

An Obituary

Under date of July 1st, Henry C. Morris, President of the Chicago Peace Society, in a circular letter addressed to the "Officers, members of the executive committee, past presidents, honorary vice presidents and members of the Chicago Peace Society," officially announces that the Chicago Peace Society has hauled down its flag and gone out of business, or to use the president's own phrase, entered upon a "period of inactivity."

Secretary Townsend terminated his connection April 30th; by the payment of $200 bonus the lease of the society was cancelled, a portion of the furniture of

the Society with other belongings was sold, the remainder stored, outstanding debts were all paid and there remains in the bank, $171.15. The circular offers as consolation to the mourners at this grave side (a ten million dollar misplaced trust), the fact that the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has also gone out of business for the "cause" sake. This Chicago president seems to look cheerfully forward to an "appropriate moment" when "activities will be revived."

All this seems to us like a fire company going out of business during a conflagration with the promise that it will resume activities as soon as the fire is over. The Peace Society of Chicago came into being in the interest of a great, perennial and universal cause. For over a quarter of a century it maintained itself in obscurity and poverty but held to the faith in the power of love and reason as being superior to the power of hate and murder. It was in the line of the prophets of Israel, the Carpenter of Nazareth, Hugo Grotius, Immanuel Kant, George Fox, William Ellery Channing, Elihu Burrit and Ladd. There came a time when the multitude seemed to be responsive to the neglected message and the Chicago Peace Society rose almost into popularity. Under the phenominally effective administration of Charles E. Beals it became a power in the city. Bankers, professors, preachers, teachers, as well as thrifty "business men" joined its ranks. But the vision became obscured by its prosperity. Politics and prophecies, dollars and principles, "patriotism" and brotherhood came into conflict, raised a dust and undertook to modify the message and obscure the vision. Secretary Beals resigned because he could not stand for a divided message. He would not trim a lamp that was shaded. Then came the war and David tried to put on the armor of Saul and to substitute the sword for his sling-shot. The Peace Society undertook to do more and better service for the cause by helping the war and this is the result. Let the grave be closed and no words of bitterness be spoken. Let the $171.15 be "given to charity." When the gospel of peace seeks to embody itself again in organization in Chicago it must needs seek new material, start fresh. Prophetic causes need prophetic souls to give them adequate expression or effective execution. *Requiescat in pace!*

"What Can We Do Now?"

In another column we call attention to the "dead faint" of the Chicago Peace Society. Its condition seems to be the condition of most of the peace societies of the country. If they live at all they live in a state of "suspended animation." If there is life enough left to speak at all they drowsily murmur, *"What is there for us to do?" "What can a peace society do now without outraging patriotism and violating the sanctities of the government?"* These are legitimate questions. We recognize the sanctity of law and the dignity of government. There is something inspiring in the sight of mobilized millions of young men marching under the panoply of war, and of the many millions of women, children and the non-fit men left behind who are sacrificing and working and singing to keep up the spirit that is undertaking to solve the problems of democracy by violence; to use the oft repeated simile, of fighting fire by fire and seeking to end the war through war.

What in the face of this manifestation and in this dire extremity, is there left for "peace societies" or "pacifists" to do? At least there is this to do. Hold fast to the primal faith in the gospel of love, to be true to the heavenly vision, to bear testimony in every legitimate way to the faith that was "delivered to the saints." When the *genus homo* is dehorned and dismantled it will be given instead the spirit of tenderness, a love-lit life.

But more, there is an opportunity now as never before to ameliorate the psychological atrocities of war, which outrage the unquestioned highest endowment of human nature, by refusing to give any man or nation wholly over to the machinations of any devil or the service of any unqualified wickedness.

There is at least a large and needed job left. There is the task of redeeming the word "pacifist" from being a term of reproach, an epithet of disgrace and insisting on its right to a place in the vocabulary of the philosopher and the moralist.

And more, the peace man and the peace society having the day-after-the war in view should now persistently plead with legislators, educators and parents to preserve the youth of America so far as possible from the spirit of hate, from the tyranny of the old philosophy that not only makes war a necessity but a glory.

These defunct or comotose agencies are needed now as never before to stand by the sanctities of the soul, among which there are none higher than the exercise of conscience, the freedom of judgment and the open mind. No lover of peace, no organization dedicated to the cause of peace in the spirit of Sumner, Channing, Hugo and the Nazarene should fold their hands in helpless imbecility or compose themselves to sleep while the "chosen of the Lord," which includes all the children of love, the devotees of conscience, are languishing behind prison bars and suffering the indignities that belong to law breakers and enemies of man. There is much to do just now in helping the Government pioneer the armistice and help the conclave which must come soon or late. There is much to do in upholding the hands of President Wilson in his high contentions. If the Central Powers persist in misunderstanding or defying his advances let the

Allied forces declare themselves. No wonder Germany under her fell inspiration should ignore or deny what as yet England, France and Italy have failed to affirm in any official way. If the peace forces are to make good their aim to secure safety to democracy, let them not wait for a pugilistic advantage but open-breasted declare now for the open sea, for free trade among nations, for the federation of nations, the court of arbitration and the integrity of the smaller nations, leaving details of indemnities and of disarmament to the council of nations which they purpose to establish.

Above all peace men and peace societies are necessary today as never before in interpreting the cry for peace that rises out of the agonized hearts of all humanity at this time. War means strategy. We may well believe that the German talk of peace thus far is a military maneuver, perhaps all officials may be just now playing for position. But there is no doubting the sincerity of the cry that comes from the starving millions in Italy as well as in Austria, the pleading hands and breaking hearts in France as well as in Germany. There is an untold multitude of the best and bravest men and women under the Stars and Stripes who are crying, "How long, O how long!" We believe that the heart of the Administration, the President and most of his immediate staff and advisers are hearing this cry and are sensitive to this call and it is only the war maddened multitude, a militant press wielding extravagant language, hurling unwholesome epithets, that hinder, at least confuse the workings of head and heart of President Wilson and his advisors. Not the "conscientious objector" [and he only is entitled to that name who does object for conscience sake], menaces the movement towards peace today, but the unscrupulous agitator, the blatant editor, the war drunk orator, the men and women who sacrifice their open mindedness and deliberate reason for enthusiasm and assumed efficiency.

There is a work to do for peace societies in preserving the sanity of the mass, reiterating the deliberate word of the centuries in order to ameliorate the excitements and the distortions of the hour. In short, the cause of universal brotherhood, the high ideals of internationalism are in need of friends just now as perhaps never before in the history of the world. For never was the issue between reason and force, between violence and wisdom, between nationalism and internationalism, between loyalty to a section of humanity and a loyalty to all the children of God, more clearly drawn than now.

There is yet something left for the pacifist Peace Societies to do. The Beatitudes, "Blessed are the peacemakers," cannot be revoked by any act of the Chicago Peace Society or the administrators of the Carnegie millions.

"The Saving Remnant"

Upon the existence of a "remnant," still loyal to the worship of the one true God the prophet of Israel based his hopes for the future glory of Israel. Matthew Arnold seized upon the phrase. He widened the scope of the Hebrew prophet and based his hope of modern civilization on the saving remnant that still believed in the culture of the spirit and the power of ideas. An old reader of UNITY who has wearied of its non-militant attitude contributes an interesting two-column article in a recent number of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.* She pleads for what is at least a "remnant" of the German spirit which brought such a brilliant band of leaders and prophets to the United States in 1848. UNITY bases its optimistic faith in a dominant democracy that is on its way to triumph even in Germany, quite independent of, perhaps in spite of, the verdict of the battle-field.

This learned contribution to the *Globe-Democrat* contains such important contributions to the clear thinking of to-day that we are going to make room for a portion of it in the columns of UNITY. This contributor was present at "The International Congress for progressive religion and a free Christianity held in Berlin in 1910." The most significant thing there to the writer was "a pile of copies of a mimeographed circular placed in the registration office, evidently in the hope that visitors, especially German members of the congress, might chance to find them." The circular was evidently the enterprise of a small group, or possibly, of just one man, who lacked a sufficient amount of this world's goods even to print the message. We will let the contributor describe it in her own language. The circular began by reminding

> them (the Germans) of what every one knows, that their advance in science had made their faith in the older religious creeds impossible; that the educated German had settled back into religious indifference; and that, at best, he gave up the pretense of having a religion at all, and contented himself by maintaining a respectful silence on the whole matter.
>
> The writer of the circular then pointed out the impossibility of continuing to live this partial life by the suppression of its nobler aspect and urged that Germans at the congress take steps to organize a church or society teaching a religion that was in harmony with the truths of science in order that they might again live a whole, a unified life.
>
> The old religions, used in monarchial countries chiefly as instruments to keep monarchs on their thrones, have failed tragically. "King by the grace of God" has been the germ of spiritual, moral, and consequently also of political decay. In speaking of the moral bankruptcy of the Germans, we must not forget that this means also the bankruptcy of their religion of their religions. The one implies the other.

This contributor to the *Globe-Democrat* shows prophetic insight into the situation when she says that it would be an easy task to-day to feed the hungry Allies, and even their German enemies, compared to the problem of helping the Germans to find themselves morally and spiritually. While this task must be largely achieved by themselves she places a part of the

solemn responsibility upon the United States. She thinks that we can make it

relatively easier or harder for them as we believe or refuse to believe that the real spirit of the German people, even though it has been suppressed by forty years of deliberate and systematic education directed to the one end which found its culmination on August 1, 1914, is, after all, essentially fine, that it is something precious which the world cannot afford to lose.

To appreciate this spirit it may not be out of place to contrast the aims of the Germans of today, hypnotized as they are by Prussian militarism, with the aims of the German patriots who in 1848 strove to secure for their country a unified, liberal government. The movement failed; the leaders like Carl Schurz and Fritz Hecker, together with many others, fled to America. They formed, as we all know, a group that constituted one of the most valuable additions to our American citizenship.

The student of American history is compelled to recognize what a splendid tide of spiritual power, both intellectually and religiously, surged into the United States out of the democratic ferment that stirred Europe in the period ascribed to 1848 but which had its beginnings earlier and continued to send to America its rich elements of pioneer life clear up through the '50s.

The spirit of these "forty-eighters" is shown in a series of translations from various issues of the *Edenkoben Anzeiger*, published in Bavaria at that time by one F. A. H. Schneider. For these translations Mr. Schneider was sentenced to death. But he, like Carl Schurz and others, made his escape to the United States. He settled in St. Louis where he died in 1867. In the issue of the above paper for April 27, 1848, he wrote:

The only thing we want is justice. For this we strive, for this we fight, and we shall not desist until it is assured to the people. But it is not merely this or that political form, this or that system of government by which in truth justice is realized. No! It is only by establishing natural social relationships. The king must not stand as a god above man nor treat man as he would a piece of furniture; the king, like the humblest citizen in the state, must be subject to law—in a word, he must himself be a citizen. The soldiers must no longer be regarded as mere hirelings whom the king, according to his whim or his pleasure, uses as a murderer uses his club; they must be citizens, men under the law, whose duty it shall be to protect the fatherland, to protect the common rights of man. No class must be privileged beyond others, for all men are equal before God and the law. Hence all so-called rights of the nobility must be conditionally abolished regardless of consequences; for what was not right from the very beginning cannot become a right through long years of possession.

Less than one month later, in the same paper, he wrote:

The plan to make the king of Prussia emperor of Germany grows more evident from day to day; but however strong the indications are that the plan is to be realized, we little consider this prince worthy to be the head of a free people. If efforts to thrust him upon the German people do not relax, we may be assured that the desire for a republic will grow stronger than ever. For how can we put trust in a man who throughout his life has known no will but his own, who stood by while multitudes of citizens were slaughtered at his command, and who, when he had become aware that it was impossible to quell the spirit of the people, quick as a flash, disguised his true feeling and paraded along the blood-stained pavement wearing the black, red and gold colors of the revolutionists? Never!

On July 1st of the same year in the following words he gave his conception of DEMOCRACY which is more clear and profound, it is to be feared, than that of thousands who in these days flippantly use the word and who propose by the power of arms to make the world hospitable to it.

The people want democracy, but, we are asked, what does that mean? It means that the people want themselves —no more, no less. In saying this we have said everything that can be said concerning democracy. A people, however, that would belong only to itself, that would exist only in its own strength and might, must first understand itself, must come to know its rights and duties, its purpose and destiny, and must live accordingly.

It is easier, more comfortable, to live in an absolute monarchy, for here the citizen is not called on to reflect. . . . He receives from higher authority definite commands as to what he is to do and not to do. No matter how wicked these commands are, all is well if he only complies faithfully. . . . He who in such a state passes over in silence the disgraceful acts of the mighty, pays due honor to them as he is commanded, praises what is base, flatters every fool on stilts—he needs nothing further; he is a capital fellow.

But let no one dare to forget that his highest honor consists in being a soldier and that as such it is lawful for him to shoot even his own father. However, let no one dream that he is defending his own fatherland, for what he considers his fatherland is nothing but a dynastic territory within which the master's hand is corralled.

Wholly unlike this is life in a democracy. The only rule is the law of necessity (that is, of natural human wants, Tr.). The only virtues are civic virtues, truth and justice. Here is no preference of one over the other, for every citizen must accord to his fellow-citizens equal rights with himself. Hence the first and most sacred duty of the citizen of a democratic state is to respect and observe the law—the law which he himself has made. But this demands strength of will, public spirit, courage, love of truth, purity of life; and to strive for and establish these virtues in the human heart presupposes a far greater spiritual force than is found in an absolutistic state. . . .

With this truly American woman of German descent UNITY has persisted in believing that the seed sowed in that spiritual era we call "1848" did not fall upon barren ground. Much of it brought forth a hundred fold. Like the seed of Germany's own Linden it was borne upon the wings of the winds to the remotest parts of the earth. We believe with this German patriot, sentenced to die, that—

The first aim to which we must direct our efforts is purity of life and a balance of relations in society. The gifts of nature cannot be distributed equally, but equality of rights and of duties, equality of consideration, equality in recognition of service and work, equal respect and honor to the upright—this each man may demand, this must be accorded to each, be he rich, high or low.

Germany does not yet know, as we know, the fatal consequences of the failure of the "48ers," Germany does not know that by driving out its noblest spirits, high-minded and noble-hearted men, it has drifted to where it is now—a spectacle for gods and men.

Yet we who would be friends of German democracy, whether of German descent or not, must hold to the thought that the real German spirit is not that which is now acting under the hypnosis of a madman, but that it is to be found in the lives of such as the "48ers" quoted above. Let us trust that when the spell is broken, when the German comes to himself, beholding the weltering darkness and chaos in which he has floundered, he will cry humbly, as he views with disgust and condemnation his immediate past—exultingly, as he sees a gradually clearing vision of his nobler self, "Resurgam."

When the American bayonet has done all that cold steel can do, when our cannon has roared its ultimate argument and the spell of battle is broken, then the great task of America will begin. May it be ready, in the language of this German woman, to "extend its hand and say, 'BROTHER, ARISE; I WILL BELIEVE IN YOU!'"

THE PULPIT

A Season with the Great Tone Masters

We print below the second of a series of six sermons which were delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the pulpit of All Souls Church last April and May. The immediate inspiration for the series was the dedication of the new, beautiful Lamson Brothers Memorial Organ recently installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But the larger and permanent inspiration was the conviction that the great Tone Masters, the prophets of harmony, were also the prophets of universal religion. These great composers have led the devotions of the modern world. These sermons will be printed weekly in UNITY, so far as conditions permit, during the midsummer interlude of so many of the pulpits of the land, hoping that the life stories of these great artists will afford Sunday reading and touch the lives of our readers with a new sense of beauty, that their hearts may be enriched.

The following will be the order of the topics. Special subscriptions for the course should be sent in early in order to be sure of securing the entire number.

I. The Organ, Its Story and Message.
II. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.
III. George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759.
IV. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791.
V. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
VI. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

II

Johann Sebastian Bach

1685-1750

Father, may thy blessing be consciously felt this morning. Help us to rise above the things of time and dwell for a moment where abideth the Eternal. Help us to rise to those heights from which the soul catches glimpses of things infinite. May we feel this morning the inspirations of the ages, be touched with the melodies that are from on high as interpreted through thy prophets of harmony. We bless thee for the power of song, we glorify thee for the rest that comes from music. Attune our hearts to the melodies of heaven this morning that we may be grateful for the masters of tone; thy interpreters in the tunes of the ages, the anthems of the generations, the Psalms that die not. Amen.

Measured by the influence it has cast, by the power that it has exerted over human souls, by its permanent contribution to civilization, by its still vital potency in the world of the spirit, probably the most royal name in modern European history is that of Bach. No dynasty of crown wearers in Europe has abided so long in the affections of the world, or occupies so large a place today among the forces that refine and elevate as the royal house of Bach. For two hundred and fifty years the Bach dynasty pervaded Germany. It illuminated the life of pauper and king. It reached from the humblest peasant gatherings on the lawns to university halls and royal palaces.

The family of Bach has been studied and tabulated. The genealogy of our subject has been mapped as it runs through seven generations. It contains fifty-three names of eminent musicians, twenty-three of which are printed in special type indicating "distinguished."

The first name we come upon on this family tree is that of Veit Bach who died 1619, a baker by vocation, a fiddler by avocation. He used to go up and down the countryside to weddings, festivals, and funerals, carrying cheer, joy, enthusiasm and consolation wherever he went, but to the end of his life he stayed with his bake ovens. He had two eminent sons, musically speaking. They gave rise to two distinguished lines of musicians. Hans, a carpet weaver to the end of his life, became a more famous fiddler than his father. He pursued music like his father for the amelioration of his own life and the amusement and edification of his neighbors. When word passed around that Hans Bach had come, the farmers, blacksmiths, gardeners, school teachers and children of the neighborhood dropped their tasks and hurried to the Commons so as not to lose an hour of his visitation. He also became eminent as a violin maker. He shaped with his own knife the instruments that became coveted treasures among his long and large line of descendants. This Hans had three sons who became "professional" musicians, as we would say. They were "town musicians," officially speaking. They played on the organs, at Erfurt and Eisenach.

The younger, Christoph, became the grandfather of Johann Sebastian Bach, our subject, who for the time being and for nearly a century afterwards, was lost in the large family of Bachs. He was only "one of the Bachs." Some thought better of one, some of another. It is only in the light of succeeding generations in the discriminating perspective of time does he rise into the pre-eminence that gives to him such a place in the story of music as Shelley and Milton occupy in poetry; Raphael and Dürer in art; an incomparable master, creator and interpreter.

He was great as an organist, equally great to use a modern word, as a pianist, a performer on the clavicord—or whatever it was called in the days before the pianoforte was perfected. He became equally eminent on the violin. Meanwhile he was composing an endless stream of harmony that was to be interpreted by all these instruments orchestrally, an aggregation of instruments.

This story is as simple as it is touching. He remained a quiet peasant to the last, as unconscious of his power and as oblivious of his fame as were his neighbors in shop and field. He was born in 1685, over two hundred and thirty years ago. He died in 1750. Those are only sixty-five years to account for all his marvelous creations. His father, as we have seen, was a devotee of the violin. He greatly rejoiced in the promise of this devoted child but he had to leave his training, dear to his heart, to others. The boy when but ten years of age became an orphan and all he received as a patrimony was his father's violin and the green box with a leather string, that carried it. An older brother, already successfully established as an organist in an adjoining town, fourteen years his senior, carried the lad home and gave to him the stern care and the rather hard discipline that was the characteristic of the Lutheran religious spirit. He was born in Eisenach, the town of Luther, and inherited jointly the high inspirations and severe conditions of the Lutheran time and movement. Sebastian stayed with his brother until he was fifteen years of age, then he was carried off to a neighboring town to fill the meagre position of choir boy. His sweet tenor voice gave him the position. He was allowed to sleep in the organ loft where he reveled in the harmony of that instrument. When but fifteen or sixteen years of age there was a vacancy at Arnstadt where another Bach, an eminent uncle, had presided at the organ for many years. A chance visit to the town, an incidental opportunity at the keys revealed to the Committee, strange to say at first sight, the man they were looking for and he was invited to take the place of his famous uncle as an organist at Arnstadt. At the end of one year he went to a still more eminent place and a little larger organ for the same wage, which was still very small. At Muehlhausen he remained a year. He then went to Weimar, the future home of Goethe, already famous as a musical center. The repu-

tation of this favored town was enhanced forever more by the name of Sebastian Bach. Here he remained for nine years.

Then Coethen claimed him. Some royalty there gave him more chance to study and less routine work. He lived there six years and then went to Leipzic, a cultural center, a city eminent in all the arts and sciences. Here he spent the remaining twenty-seven years of his life. In all these places he was always organist, concertmeister, composer and chorister, leading now with the violin, anon with his voice, always with the organ keys if they were available.

A few incidents in Bach's life reveal to us the nature of the boy who was undiscovered by his generation and unhonored by the generation immediately following.

The story is told, which indicates the only shadow over the traditions of the Bach family, that the elder brother grew a little jealous of the marvelous precocity of the little brother. He limited his time for practice on the beloved violin that he received from his father, so the lad was wont to steal away into the forest to have more pleasure with his beloved violin. His brother had already acquired an interesting musical library with manuscript copies of the production of the then "masters," but the "big brother" declared that these were too mature for the little boy and he must not be given access to them. But the little boy, hungry for melody, found a way. He picked the lock in the quiet of the night when all were asleep, and diligently copied the manuscript by moonlight, as one biographer thinks to the permanent injury of his eyesight. When the elder brother discovered the stealth he summarily deprived him of his precious manuscript for which he said he was not yet ready.

There is a story of how he walked a hundred miles to Hamburg that he might listen to the performance of Reincke, a famous organist of that time.

Later along he took the journey of a hundred and fifty miles, that he might listen to Buxhude, the more famous Danish organist at Luebeck. In his one month's vacation he made another trip, hoping to spend four weeks at the feet of this Danish master. The one month grew to three months and when he reached home it was to be disciplined by the "Committee." His plea was that he had left an adequate substitute but that did not satisfy. The committee had already begun to grow tired of their organist so there were other charges preferred against him. He was accused in the following words: "for that he hath heretofore made sundry perplexing variations and imported divers strange harmonies, in such wise that the congregation was thereby confounded. In the future" continues the minute, "when he will introduce a *tonus peregrinus,* he is to sustain the same and not to fall incontinent upon another, or even, as he hath been wont, to play a *tonus contrarius.*" A witness added that "the organist Bach hath at the first played too tediously; howbeit, on notice received from the superintendent, he hath straightway fallen into the other extreme and made the music too short." Of course they could not stand such an organist. Fortunately this paved the way for the next move.

Another story concerning these long pilgrimages. After one of his visits to Hamburg, for there were probably many of them, on his way home penniless and hungry, he sat on the steps of an Inn where fresh fish were delivered at the inn door. The sorely neglected and hungry boy was discovered. Someone flung from an upper window, a couple of herrings, that dropped in his lap. He regarded it as a helpful visit of some angel who meant to break his hunger, he proceeded to devour them and found a coin in the mouth of each fish. This was indeed a visitation of providence and he took the ducats and went back to hear a little more of Reincke.

Such stories as these abound in the life of this man. He was a practical man. He was a repairer of organs. In accepting a position as organist he would make it a condition that he be allowed to superintend the repairing and tuning of the organ. Some of these specifications are left and it is interesting reading, even to the uninitiated. He was called hither and yon to inspect organs and he is said to be the man who invented the pedals as a practical addition to the organ. At one entertainment he gave a pedal concert, using only his feet and doing it with such dexterity as to excell other players' hand work. A royal attendant was so impressed by this power that he drew a valuable ring from his finger and put it on the hand of the clumsy peasant who could evolve such wonderful music out of the organ with his feet. Not always did he receive such acknowledgment. Some of his competitors outranked him and obtained his position because they were the sons of wealthy men. He said he could not compete with the favored children of wealth.

Twice he was married, both fortunate ventures, although necessarily some inroads were made into the family purse. The Bach family was widely distributed. There were twenty children born to him, seven from the first marriage and thirteen from the second. He was as devoted to the fireside as he was to the organ. He always had his children with him. He never undertook a journey if he could help it without being accompanied by a child or two.

Later in life, one of his hopeful sons was organist at Potsdam in the court of Frederick the Great who often expressed to his young organist a desire to see his father. The father bided his time and when he finally visited the court he was well received and made what his biographer calls "The greatest display of Bach's life, and certainly an exhibition that has never been equalled on its own lines."

The story moves rapidly to its close. Honors came slowly. Bach was at Leipzic three years before the musical society of the town invited him to join and then it was only on the recommendation of some "canon."

When death approached, his eyesight which had previously abandoned him returned, and he enjoyed for a few days a strangely recovered vision. He sent for his son-in-law and dictated his last composition which he had entitled, "When We Are in the Depths of Need." But the cleared vision led him to change the title and he called it "Herewith I Come Before Thy Throne." He passed away, out of sight but still remains within the hearing of all the nations.

The Common Council registered his death by saying simply that, "The Cantor at the Thomasschule," or rather, "The Capelldirector, Bach, is dead." Then they hastily proceeded to decide that they did not need a Capellmeister so much as a Cantor, only it was desirable that the Cantor should know something about music. Bach's wife died a dependent pauper, his youngest daughter was relieved from dire want by a

subscription which I believe Beethoven started, which did come not through the generosity of the corporation. The graveyard in which his remains were laid was converted into a roadway and his bones were scattered and no one now knows where his ashes lie.

It was a hundred years before the "Bach Society" was organized in Germany, England having anticipated it by a year. Some fifty-seven years after his death a music hall was built in Leipsic and above the orchestra screen was written in large letters, "BACH," but it was a weaker and now forgotten composer of another generation who there found fame with his music.

Looking at this life at this distance what have we as lessons? First, Bach was a musician and one who gave the lie once and forever to the implication that one with an "artistic temperament" is excused from the stern standards and duties of everyday life and privileged to be loose in his morals. The apology for crime and frivolity on the score of "musical temperament," "artistic nature," "don't you know!" is rebuked and denied by the life of this great composer.

Haweis says in his history of "Music and Morals": "Of dear old Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach, 1685, let us merely say that he was a good husband, father and friend; in the words of his friend Kittrell, 'He was an excellent man.'" Further on he writes:

"But if we turn a moment from the world of Executants to the world of Composers, one fact must strike us—that not only were the great composers, as a rule, not addicted to the excesses which some would have us believe almost inseparable from a musical temperament, but they appear to have been singularly free from them. Without asserting that every portion of a man's work is always a true index to his character, it is, nevertheless, noteworthy that so many great composers have been men whose emotions were so severely disciplined, and whose lives were so well regulated, that they stood out as examples not only of steady and indefatigable workers, but also of high minded moral and even religious men."

There was a Union of Instrumental Musicians organized before the birth of Bach in this very latitude and territory I speak of. They adopted what we would call by-laws, thirty-five in number from which I make a few extracts. The articles were ratified by the Emperor Ferdinand.

1. No member shall of his own accord settle himself to exercise his art in any town, office or convent where one of our society is already established and appointed.

No man may condemn another by reason that he can perform on a better sort of musical instrument, much less may he be boastful on that account but be diligent in Christian love and gentleness.

No man, whether he be master, assistant or apprentice, shall divert himself by singing or performing coarse obscenities or disgraceful and immodest songs or ballads. On the contrary every man who is called upon to serve an "attendance" shall conduct himself decently, honorably and becomingly.

Every one shall, so far as in him lies, take special care to have round him pious and faithful assistants, as well as apprentices of good report, so that at public meetings and "attendences" nothing may be stolen from the invited guests, nor the whole musical college ill spoken of, nor innocent folks led into suspicion and danger.

No man shall dare to perform on dishonorable instruments, such as bagpipes, sheep-horns, hurdy-gurdies and triangles, which beggars often use for collecting alms at house-doors, so that the noble art would be brought into contempt and disgrace by them.

Every man shall abstain from all blasphemous talk, profane cursing and swearing.

No man shall dare to give "attendance" with jugglers, hangmen, bailiffs, goalers, conjurors, rogues, or any other such low company.

To the end that a perfect musician, may have been taught many instruments, some *pneumatica* and some *pulsatilia*, and be practiced in them, no apprentice shall be free under five years, that he may be experienced in his art and acknowledged as skilled."

It was into this atmosphere that Bach was born. To increase this potency he gave his wonderful, humble, mild and unrecognized power.

I have said that he was a musician. Next I should say he was a Protestant musician, an anti-Calvinist; his contributions were the interpretations of religion by a free-mind. Notwithstanding the recoil of Lutheranism from Catholic liturgy Bach's masterpieces were church pieces. He wrote for the centuries and interpreted the soul in its devout attitude far above all the creeds. Over two hundred cantatas are listed as having been contributed by him for church uses. His "Passions" of which there are three or four, interpretations of the last scenes in the life of the Nazarene, are among his permanent contributions to church music. He went further and wrote a High Mass which is classic because it expresses worship and reverence in Catholic and Protestant churches alike.

What more can I say? This much at least. His genius had a social attitude. Religion to him was not a luxury for the rich and the cultivated in Germany at that time. It was not the product of traveling exploiters and for concert outfits with a commercial motive, but it was the fostering power of an aspiration born in a peasant's hut, an inspiration born out of family traditions, each age adding to the stock of musical aptitude and musical love.

So we come at last to the ultimate triumphs of history. Though neglect always waits upon pre-eminent genius, the world has never yet succeeded in defeating a prophet in any realm of human life.

Bach's greatest day is perhaps yet to come. One thing is sure, taking the testimony of the competent, those qualified to speak on this matter which of course I am not, he stands at the head of the modern school of tone masters, of glorified instrumental musicians. He ennobled the organ and gave the masters of the generations that followed material to work upon.

Whether in life or death, in health or sickness, in strength or weakness, Father, we abide forever in thy arms, who art the power that maketh for righteousness, the fountain of love, the source of light, the maker of melody. Amen.

UNTHANK.

The sheep are bleating in the rain
  That drives across Lune Moor,
And he will never come again
  At eve to Unthank door.

Tho' I was naught to him, kind sleep
  Comes rare and scant to me,
Since he has left the bleating sheep
  And gone across the sea.

They took him from the sheep and gave
  A gun into his hands:
And he has gone to seek a grave
  In far-off foreign lands.

I wonder if he ever hears
  Out there the bleat of sheep,
Or if with cold death in his ears
  He sleeps too sound and deep.

I wonder if he hears the rain
  That drives so drearily—
That drives across Lune Moor again,
  And through the heart of me.

—*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

Æ, the Poet Economist

Browsing around in the editor's library I came across a book that in spite of the fact of its being two years old, or perhaps because of the fact, deserves to be reviewed.

"Æ (George W. Russell) A Study of a Man and a Nation" introduces the reader to a most informative and delightful book. The author, Darrell Tiggis, has given, in the short space of one hundred and fifty pages, a remarkably clear idea of the warp and woof of this Irish poet's life,—a life not yet done, and full of splendid promise.

Brought up in that rare environment, a "humane and friendly city" (as Dublin is described), friend and co-worker of W. B. Yeats, and with him recognized as a leader of that thing paradoxically known as the Irish (?) Literary Revival; organizer and propagandist for the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and later, editor of its official organ "The Irish Homestead"; painter of mystical pictures and a dramatist of no mean order, such in brief is the man whose life we are led to contemplate. We see him, a worker in the midst of his work with a tilth yet to be garnered; a writer of an intellectual and spiritual curiosity seldom met with in these days; and a man moreover in whom spiritual intention and practical achievement have gone always hand in hand.

The literary world knows George Russell as a poet of rare insight and beauty; it is as a practical economist and tireless worker for the coöperative commonwealth that the author of this study pictures him. He is essentially a seer, and one thing he has seen very clearly,—that Life near Earth had become impossible "because men lived lives of individual selfishness, suspicion, and greed; each man struggling against his fellows,—a state of affairs, the baseness of which was disguised by those who chanced to be successful, by the fair phrase 'competitive interests' . . . but a state of affairs that worked itself out in desperation for the huge mass of those struggling men." His work in the ranks of the I. A. O. S. had shown him that directly men were called to the nobler conception of mutual aid that they at once stood upon a nobler plane of life and for the first time in their lives, generally speaking, began to realize the meaning of Christ's teaching and life. He saw, and he told the great truth, that in working for and with (instead of against) his fellow man worked the better for himself, found life saner and manlier, and recognized nationality as a tissue of live interests instead of a medley of ancient catchwords.

So a new challenge came to the poet, the challenge of the practical economist and he began anew to think out from this point of view the thought he had heretofore striven to approach from the poet's angle of vision,—the idea of the National Being; and as he struck more deeply towards its roots and began to visualize the whole life of the state, a finer certitude and a greater spiritual power began to mark the written expression of his thought. Cognizant only of the eternal verities of life, Æ was not solicitious for trappings of power for Ireland, but rather was he intent upon bringing about an awakening of its spiritual life; and the straight road to this goal he had long felt as a poet, and now discovered as a practical man of affairs, to be nothing less than coöperation. The "Coöperative Commonwealth" filled his mind. Wealth to him was estimable only when it was "common" wealth. To him it was not statistics of invested capital but decent living conditions for the masses that constituted national wealth. In his eyes the turning of Lancashire, England, into a clinker-patch degraded its manhood, the while it increased statistics and swelled the pockets of the few.

Writing of England in "The Awakening of the Fires" he says:

> "Consider what a thousand years of empire brought to England. Wealth without parallel, but at what expense! The lover of his kind must feel as if a knife were entering his heart when he looks at those black centers of boasted prosperity—at factory, smoke, and mire,—the arid life and spiritual death"

and he asks the question, "Do you call these miserable myriads mankind?"

If a deep-rooted love for humanity and a passionate desire for justice toward that humanity is the inspiration that points the way to true success in the world of letters, today, this Irishman, now barely beyond the half-century mark, has an enviable future. A greater part of his life, thus far, has been in the nature of preparation, much of which Darrell Figgis has disclosed. Not the least of the author's message is, that this poet-economist has proved to himself that Ideals are always justified of Life. The future alone will show to what extent he can prove this to the world.

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City.

Æ (George W. Russell), by Darrell Figgis. Dodd Mead & Co., N. Y.

Aged Suffrage Victors Cast Their "Maiden" Votes

Among the maiden voters this year in New York City there were débutantes who had worked all their lives for "votes for women"; some, perhaps, who may never again enjoy the privilege for which they have waged so long a struggle. Take, for example, Mrs. Sally Gold, of Brooklyn, who is past the century mark and to whom the franchise has come too late to permit her to more than peep over the threshold of political freedom. Says the New York *Sun* in taking a passing glance at the old-new voters of Manhattan and Brooklyn:

It's curious that at least two of the very old women voters in the four Congressional districts that held elections were born in Germany. Mrs. Gold is one—at least she was born in Austria—and Mrs. Guida Stoppelkam, the prize pie-maker of the Fourteenth election district of the Thirteenth Assembly, is another. Mrs. Gold not only was born in Austria, but she lived there sixty years before coming to America.

"I lived there sixty years and in all that time I never knew freedom," she said the other day to some suffragists who went to see her and congratulate her in the little home behind the shop at 44 Scholes Street, where Mrs. Gold has spent her quiet days selling eggs and butter and so on over the counter.

"There was no talk of suffrage in Austria," said the little, frail old woman with a reminiscent smile on her wrinkled face. "I had to come to America to hear that. And it has been a long time coming to women in this country, has the suffrage.

"Well, I didn't work much to bring it about. I have been busy in the shop and in my home; even on election-day I would not go to vote until I had washed the dishes and swept the floor, though my grand-daughters scolded me. 'You should rest the day you vote,' they told me, but never would I have it said that I left my housework undone to go to the polling-place.

"I never wasted my time going to the theater or the movies—never have I been inside of one, but voting, it is different. The women need the vote so they may have justice. *Ach!* In Austria have I seen the women harnessed to carts like donkeys. In America that never would be done. But there are things bad for the women who work, even here, and so it is well that we have now the vote."

Mrs. Guida Stoppelkam was born in Germany seventy years ago, for which she apologizes profusely.

"Please do not say that I was born in Germany," she begged the inspector when she went to register. "I am ashamed that I first saw the light in that land ruled over by that bad man, the Kaiser. Do not put it down. I was brought to this country by my parents when I was a baby one year old. Does not that make me American?" Her Americanism being gladly admitted by the board she was registered.

Eighty-three-year-old Mary Curley, the oldest woman voter in the Bronx, has a son who is an alderman, and being an alderman and a man he figured that his mother would need some kindly assistance to perform the feat of casting her ballot. So he escorted her to the polling-place and politely offered to show her any little thing she might need to know about marking her ballot.

Mrs. Curley snorted and looked at her offspring the way women have that makes a grown man feel as if he was seven and had been acting fresh.

"Eddie," she said, "I haven't lived eighty-three years and kept you out of jail all your life without learning a few things. When I need the assistance of the Board of Aldermen to mark my ballot I'll write the gentlemen a letter. Now you leave me be."

Eddie did, and Mother Curley cast her vote in peace.

Six years younger than Mrs. Curley, but still pretty old for a first voter—just seventy-seven—was Mrs. Margaret Marley, who cast her ballot in the Bronx. She got up early, did her housework, and then went placidly out to the polling-place, which was a barber-shop, but be it noted that this sprightly first voter was not among those fastidious ladies who recently lodged a protest against being required to vote in barber-shops.

Manhattan comes a trifle behind both Brooklyn and the Bronx in the matter of mature maiden voters. Eighty-one years is the best they can do in the person of Mrs. Yetta Eckstein. Although too young to win the prize among the political débutantes Mrs. Eckstein is a conscientious voter.

"I vote for the best man, as my husband always did," she said proudly. Mrs. Eckstein is a widow, but her daughter, a young thing of fifty, went along with her to the polls and voted.

There are some of these older voters in whom one takes peculiar satisfaction because they have worked long and hard for suffrage, and it is pleasant that they can have at least the reward of voting a few times; even if it's only once before they die it is a sort of a belated day of atonement to them.

Take Mrs. Stephen Loines, of Brooklyn, the very oldest member of the New York City Woman Suffrage party—she has labored forty years for the cause if she has labored a day. Forty years, day in and day out, she has held meetings, spoken, organized, canvassed, never losing hope, never losing patience. She has seen the movement grow under the leadership of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton and their contemporaries from an ignored or else openly derided thing to something considerably more important, and under later leaders from this to something respected, successful, applauded. And at last came the fruit of her labors—she could vote.

Another such suffrage worker is Mrs. Martha Tilden Burritt, who, at the age of seventy-six, cast her first vote March 5.

"I've been going to suffrage conventions ever since I was eight years old," she said. "Sometimes I got very tired, but my! this is worth all the waiting and working. Before this I've always had a feeling of resentment on election day. Great matters were going forward, things in which I had just as much interest as the men, and yet I was put aside with the idiots and criminals and aliens. To-day I feel—I can't explain it, but I feel so different."

—*Literary Digest.*

LOSE NOT THE PATH.

(*Dewy paths of meadows—Dryden*)

Oh, lose not the path from your door to your neighbor's;
'Tis edged with fair flowers, and domed with blue sky;
In friendship's blest service it steadfastly labors—
And bears to your hand gifts no money can buy.

No money can buy a fond heart's true affection;
Nor bright wealth of mind—these rich treasures it hath;
Ne'er suffer the weeds which will bring Life dejection—
Step lightly—and often; oh—lose not the path!

EMMA N. CARLETON.

Still Champions Free Speech

Rightly or wrongly, British labor stands for freedom of conscience and liberty of speech. If a man disagrees with the war he is permitted to say so. We find that our people fight better and work harder when they are encouraged to speak their minds and hear not one side only, but all sides. You do not understand us. We do not mind fighting Germans, especially when Germans are up against us three to one. Out of the young men in the houses immediately adjoining my own five are wounded, four are dead, and two were killed after returning to service healed of wounds. We are always ready to fight majorities with the odds against us. But if you require us to trample down minorities—*if that is to be our test of patriotism*—if the few and the weak are to be battered into silence you must seek other allies than the English. We listen to our pacifists because we hold that every British subject of the crown is entitled to his opinions.

That is what we mean by personal liberty. In our parliament and our labor congresses pacifists are heard freely. It was so when we fought Napoleon. Fox was instantly up against Pitt. You must take us as we are—those that are left of us.

—*Philip W. Wilson, of the London Daily News. In the New York Tribune.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

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Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIV.

Fourth Commandment, Holy Days, Sacred Festivals, Sunday, Easter, Christmas, etc.

Mrs. Rothmann, Leader.

The ordinances of Jehovah are true and righteous altogether. In keeping them there is great reward.
—Psalms XIX-9-11.

The discussion of Holy days—or holidays, as we now call them, leads us back to the beginnings and requires vastly more time than one short lesson. When the discussion of Sabbath observance is added, we can do no more than touch the most obvious points of the subject.

The early Fathers were wise in adapting to the use of the church the festivals of pagan people with whom they came in contact. Easter was the first great church festival. Adapted from the Jewish passover it was symbolized in many Pagan forms, the egg, the rabbit, the lily, all suggestive of the renewal of life. Early church chronicles are rich in Easter lore and observance in which all ecclesiastical dignitaries shared.

The favorite children's festival is the Christian adaptation of the Roman Saturnalia which we celebrate at Christmas.

That child is to be profoundly pitied who does not carry through life rich memories of these joyous days, with their wealth of music, age long customs and beautiful symbolism, accumulated through centuries of celebrations.

Other gala days there are. Days of national significance as well as of churchly interest, which stimulate our patriotism, our gratitude, our reverence; but Christmas and Easter are the universal holidays for all ages and climes.

For generations one of the cardinal rules of mankind has been "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

The origin of the Sabbath is found in age long experience, rather than in the command of Deity.

Its incorporation into the decalogue marks the wisdom of the ancient Hebrew lawgivers, who emphasized by religious observance the great fundamental truths necessary to the development of the race.

It would require many lessons to trace the evolution of the Jewish Sabbath into the Sunday of the present day.

Some of the greatest controversies in the religious world, have raged over the change of the day from Saturday to Sunday, while persecutions bitter and long, mark the history of the church in her effort to teach sinners the advisability of Sabbath observance.

It is a far cry from the Jewish mother of old, who lighted her candles at sunset on Sabbath eve and called her family to prayer, to the city mother of today who yearns to give her flock the blessed renewal of body and soul necessary to sane living and finds herself hindered at every turn.

No one denies, in this age, that man is a better laborer and produces more and better work by resting one day in seven. He is a better physical and social being for observing such a rule. Even those who deny the sanctity of the Sabbath, recognize the necessity of a regular day for re-creation.

Different natures, however, minister to different needs. As the Puritan overlooked the physical need of man, the average man rushes to the opposite extreme and takes care of the physical only—hence our golf playing, automobiling, continental Sabbath—as it is called.

Man is a complex organism with physical limitations needing re-creation. Repose for those engaged in muscular labor and vigorous outdoor exercise for the sedentary worker will furnish the change needed.

He also has mental needs which may be nourished by good music and reading that will stimulate the intellect. His social needs must not be overlooked. These require friendly relations with other human beings. Not the superficial entertaining done by the average person but the cultivation of family and intimate friends who love to gather on quiet Sabbath days.

The spiritual side of man finds in the Sabbath the greatest stimulus and refreshment.

He cannot worship while engaging in the usual week-day pursuits. In church God seems near and distinct. It is far easier to find God in company with other devout souls met together to seek Him in song and prayer and worship, than in the busy streets of a crowded city.

The following program may be suggested for Sunday observance which would minister to all the wants of this many sided being, and start him anew, refreshed and invigorated in body, mind and spirit.

1st—Go to church once, at least.

2nd—Give the best of the day to home and friends.

3rd—Give a portion of the day to deeds of love and mercy.

4th—Exercise outdoors vigorously.

5th—Find in every Sunday, solitude in which to meditate and pray.

The difficulties of following such a program are obvious, and in some sections of the city well nigh insuperable.

Those of us who have lived in the blessed quiet of country and village and who have beneficent recollections of childhood Sabbaths spent in worship, in lovely walks through woods and fields, and in the sweet reunion with family and friends, can testify to the happy influence of so serene and beautiful a day.

Happy the household where the need for bodily, mental and spiritual refreshment is recognized and ministered unto.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the origin of Easter and Christmas?

(2) Which is the older festival?

(3) What is the origin of the Sabbath?

(4) Formulate a set of helpful rules for your own Sabbath observance.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

PARAGRAPHS FROM REPORT ON THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK.

"Social workers, like other groups in the community, are doing their best to keep *on top* of the war. They are trying to shape their own thinking and conduct in ways that will help not only to win the war, but to hold steady and effective their humanitarian appeal to do its part in recreating the world. Throughout the conference week it was evident that what S. K. Ratcliffe, correspondent for the London *Daily News*, called "the integral victory," the victory that places triumph abroad side by side with the securing of a fuller and more democratic justice at home, was close to the hearts of those present. To military necessity much was allowed, and there was full disposition to throw the whole weight of our resources into the struggle of arms, but patriotism seemed to demand that social workers, like others, should not sink, as it is so easy to do, beneath the burden of war problems. Integrity of thinking must be maintained; and panic in the face of the enemy would be as great a civil catastrophe as a military one."

* * *

"Interesting were the efforts to think through domestic and internal reconstruction. As speaker after speaker throughout the conference referred to the far-reaching program of the subcommittee of the British Labour Party, it became evident that many social workers here, as well as in England, are responding with enthusiasm to this vision of radical changes in the economic and industrial order. The message of the British party was brought to the conference by Mr. Radcliffe, a Liberal, who during his two days' stay in Kansas City, was unable to enter a meeting-room without being called upon to tell something of the hopes and plans of the workers of England. He represented the psychology of a country that has seen nearly four years of war, and so typified in some measure a proprecy of what the United States may come to feel. 'Not money, but the life that a community provides,' said Mr. Ratcliffe, 'is its real wealth,' and his account of the program for which the masses of England are now fighting was cheered at a general session of the conference until the speaker was twice forced to rise and bow his acknowledgments."

* * *

"Another racial element claiming attention at the conference was the Negro. Old issues with respect to him have been intensified less by the war than by the migration of Negroes to industrial centers at the North. It was a Negro who reminded his audience that it lay with white laborers to say whether Negroes should be allowed to join labor unions, or whether they should be 'scabs by necessity.' Many a skilled Negro, said the speaker, has been compelled to resort to common labor at the North simply because the union shut him out both from membership and from a job. Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University, Washington, D. C., put an old truth in new language when he declared that 'the feeling of the white race against the Negro varies directly as the square of the distance of removal from the mass.'

"James Weldon Johnson, field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, declared that the Negro entered upon a new epoch when Germany hurled her armies through Belgium. Mr. Johnson brought his audience forward in its chairs by reminding it that out of every 100 colored citizens called in the first draft thirty-six were certified for service, whereas of every 100 white citizens called only twenty-five were certified.

From The Survey, June 1, 1918.

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